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MURRAY CENTENNIAL

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A. J. Patterson.

1773. 1873.

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY

OF THE PLANTING OF

UNIVERSALISM

IN

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

NOV. 16 & 17, 1873.

First Universalist Church, Portsmouth, N.

PORTSMOUTH:
WM. A. PLAISTED, PRINTER.
1874.

BX
9961
.F5
P6

As we save wreaths and crosses of white flowers
Which loving hands have placed above our dead,
And framed like pictures, keep them in our homes,
So these memorial words and prayers and hymns,—
The flowers of love on a dead century laid,—
Are gathered here in trust and reverent hope
That some faint perfume from these poor dry leaves
May steal into our hearts in after time,
Reviving precious memories of the past,
And keeping fresh our love for the dear spot
Where faith's sweet flowers have blossomed, and the dews
Of heavenly grace descended on our souls.

ORDER OF SERVICES.

MORNING.

I. ANTHEM.

II. PRAYER.

III. READING OF SCRIPTURES.

IV. HYMN.

V. HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

REV. A. J. PATTERSON, D. D.

VI. HYMN,—Original.

MRS. MARVIN.

VII. PRAYER.

VIII. BENEDICTION.

EVENING.

I. ANTHEM.

II. PRAYER.

III. READING OF SCRIPTURES.

IV. HYMN.

V. HISTORICAL ADDRESS.
(CONCLUDED.)

VI. HYMN,—Original.
MRS. PATTERSON.

VII. PRAYER.

VIII. BENEDICTION.

PRAYER.*

OUR Father who art in heaven ; God of all grace, and giver of every good, we pray Thee to draw intimately near by the inspiration of thy spirit, while we wait around this altar to-day.

We come with our thanksgivings for numberless and immeasurable benefits in all the past. We would acknowledge thy guiding providence in every dispensation to us who now live upon the earth, and to all who make sacred the world's history. Especially would we see Thee as the light of the world, its sure hope and consolation in every time of darkness or trouble or need, and trace the light of heavenly purpose in reference to thy children, from the beginning until now.

We praise Thee for thy word of hope to our first parents, in the morning of the world and in the midst

*By request of the Wardens Mrs. Patterson conducted the devotional services.

of the first sin. We thank Thee that the promise to their sad hearts was renewed to the Patriarchs of the first covenant; that its inspiration touched the great leader and law-giver of thy chosen people, and we hear him rejoicing in a doctrine which shall drop as the rain, and speech that shall distil as the dew. We bless Thee that the songs of David echo the heavenly promise; that we can hear him say, "All nations whom Thou hast made shall come and worship before Thee O God, and shall glorify thy name." We thank Thee for the vision of thy holy Prophets; that they beheld afar the coming Messiah, the mediator of the new covenant, the Redeemer of the world.

And O, our God, how shall we speak our gratitude, how adequately praise Thee, for the gift of the Lord Jesus Christ! When the world lay in darkness and there was no longer an open vision, Thou didst send thy Beloved Son, to be the "light, the truth, and the way." Through him we can see Thee as the father of the spirits of all flesh. Thy infinite love is revealed in his daily life. We see Thee visiting the sick and the poor, and giving new life to the dead; and in his voice "because I live ye shall live also," we hear thy promise of immortality. We see its testimony on the mount of transfiguration, at the tomb of Lazarus, and by the gate of Nain; and O how tri-

umphantly, in the resurrection of the Lord himself.

We thank Thee for the defenders of thy truth who caught their inspiration by his open grave, and for all believing and adoring hearts throughout the christian centuries.

And O God of the Patriarchs, Prophets and Apostles; Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Father of all men; when the world again grew dark and thy loving face was concealed, we thank Thee for the revival of thy truth on the shores of this new land. We thank Thee for the voice which thou didst send to cry in this wilderness, "prepare ye the way of the Lord." We bless Thee for thy guardian presence with thy truth and with its Apostle here; that the winds and waves were made servants of his ministry; that he was set apart to preach and defend the true faith whether he would or no.

For this vine which he planted by the sea, Father in Heaven, we praise Thee. For all its growth and life, its beauty and healing power through a hundred years, thanksgiving be unto Thy holy name.

We rejoice that the spirit of love and brotherhood, represented by this Church, has gone beyond the walls of the sanctuary; that it has softened old dogmas, and given new life, new hope to the city, to the entire land.

And now O God, may we who have been blessed by its full revelation, pledge anew our fealty around this altar. May we have the inspiration of Murray, the hearty devotion of those faithful men who led this church, and crowded these aisles in the early days. Give us increased light and a clear vision, and whatever trials may come to our lot may our faith be firm and our love and reverence warm toward Thee and toward one another. And may we all see light in the distance, as we press on toward the Eternal city, the house not made with hands, where we hope to sit down in heavenly places in Christ Jesus with all the beloved who hover about us this day, to praise and magnify thy holy name, through the Lamb who taketh away the sin of the world. Amen.

HYMN.

Gone are those great and good
Who here, in peril, stood
  And raised their hymn.
Peace to the reverend dead!
The light, that on their head
The glorious past has shed,
  Shall ne'er grow dim.

Ye temples, that to God
Rise where our fathers trod,
  Guard well your trust,—
The faith, that dared the sea,
The truth that made them free,
Their cherished purity,
  Their garnered dust.

Thou high and holy One,
Whose care for sire and son
  All nature fills;
While day shall break and close,
While night her crescent shows,
O, let thy light repose
  On these thy hills!

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

By Adoniram J. Patterson.

A hundred years ago, just now, there was an unusual spiritual awakening in the ancient town of Portsmouth. Men and women ran together in the streets and at the fireside, to talk about the wonderful preacher who had come among them, and the cheering gospel he proclaimed. The churches that made him welcome were thronged as they had seldom been before. The people were thrilled by his message of glad tidings, as the shepherds of old were thrilled by the joy song out of heaven, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." It was the first time in their lives that they had heard an unqualified and undoubting declaration from the pulpit, that God is the father of all; that his infinite love and mercy embrace his entire family

of souls, and will hold them forever; that Jesus tasted death for every man, and that he will surely save all for whom he died. That preacher was John Murray—in a sense the founder of this church and parish — everywhere recognized as the apostle of Universalism in America.

Of this first visit to Portsmouth Mr. Murray says,—

"I was received with most flattering marks of kindness. The pulpit* of the separate minister, Mr. Drown—then recently deceased—was thrown open to me. My adherents were truly respectable, and I was urged to take up my residence among them. The meeting-house of Mr. Drown being too small, I was invited into the pulpit of Dr. Langdon,† where I preached, two clergymen occupying seats therein. In Portsmouth I received many marks of friendship. My necessities were sought out and removed, and the names of Clarkson, Morrison, Hart and Drown—son of the deceased minister—were among my most partial friends."‡

*This Church was on Pitts Street, now Court Street, where the Unitarian Chapel now stands.

†Dr. Langdon was Pastor of the North Church.

‡This Mr. Drown used in his old age to relate the circumstances of his conversion to his friends. Mr. Murray by invitation called at his home. The oven—an old-fashioned brick one—had been heated for baking. When it was opened Murray looked

At the time of which we are speaking, Mr. Murray had not formally parted company with the dominant sect. This accounts for the freedom with which he was received into Calvinistic pulpits, and the patience and even favor with which he was heard by Calvinistic clergymen. He preached the glad tidings of a world's redemption, much as Beecher, Murray, Martin, Dudley, and scores of others are preaching it today, as though it was the accepted othodoxy of the time. And he made it so apparent that his views of religion were supported by the Bible, that for a time it was not easy for these clergymen to deny him fellowship or close their doors against him.

into it curiously and asked what they were going to do with it. "Bake bread," was the reply. "I wondered," said Mr. Murray "if you were going to roast the children." Mr. Drown turned upon him with an expression of horror. "How much worse," said Mr. Murray, solemnly, "would it be for you to roast your little family, than for the Infinite Father to burn eternally unconverted millions of souls?" From that hour Mr. Drown rejected with loathing the doctrine of endless punishment. Thomas P. Drown, a son of the above-named gentleman, and grandson of the minister, a youth of marked talent and culture, not only espoused Mr. Murray's cause, but was one of the most steadfast helpers of our infant church. His name is most intimately and honorably associated with the parish through all the early years of its history. He kept its records, covering a period in all of nearly a quarter of a century, and a neater, plainer, more faultlessly arranged or more elegantly expressed record it has never been our privilege to see.

"The grace, union and membership," says he, "upon which I expatiated, were admitted by every Calvinist, but admitted only for the elect. When I repeated those glorious texts of scripture, which indisputably proclaim the redemption of the lost world, as I did not expressly say that I received those texts in the unlimited sense in which they are given, they were not at first aware that I did not read them with the same contracted view to which they had been accustomed. When they became assured of the magnitude and boundless results which I ascribed to the birth, life and death of the Redeemer, their doors were fast closed against me."

But the closing of doors could not serve their purpose now of shutting out the light. It had found its way through the half open casements. With many souls the windows were wide open to the day. The seed of truth had fallen into fruitful soil. The Universalists of Portsmouth may congratulate themselves that their fathers were large-hearted, liberal minded men. There was no town of its size in America, where there was a more generous culture, or a larger number of truly eminent men. And there was no town or city that received the apostle of this liberal gospel with a more general hospitality, or that blossomed more gloriously into Universalism. Mr. Mur-

ray tells us that his "congregations were large," and that his "adherents were truly respectable." He might have said that they embraced a considerable portion of the wealth, talent, culture and social influence of the town. Sewall the Poet, and Sheafe the United States Senator, and Walden, and Libbey, and Blaisdell, and Coues, and Melcher, and the brothers Simes, and many other names prominent in the annals of that time, early associated themselves with the liberal movement. From the first, as these thoughtful men, and equally thoughtful and pious women—whose names do not appear—met each other on the street or at the fire-sides, such expressions as these passed from lip to lip: "Whether this doctrine is true or not, it ought to be true;" "It is the only consistent or satisfying scheme of religion I ever heard advanced;" "Such a plan of salvation is worthy of a Saviour;" "Such a result of the Divine administration is worthy of a God;" "It has given me the first ray of hope, the first word of comfort, that has fallen upon my heart since my son died; "If I could hear such a gospel preached every Sunday I should be a better and a happier man." Reflections and suggestions like these were sure to ripen into conviction. And men thrilled with such convictions could not listen longer to old-fashioned Calvinism. They must

and would have an administration of a more hopeful gospel. Mr. Murray's plans would not admit of his becoming their settled minister. The voice of the Lord called him, not to be the pastor of a single parish, but to plant the seed of the kingdom in many cities. Accordingly our fathers did the next best thing. They engaged their chosen teacher and leader to return and spend a little time with them whenever his missionary engagements would permit him so to do. Then they set about the work of raising up a preacher of their own.

In their midst was a man—Noah Parker by name—an honest and upright mechanic, with a fair education, a large thinking brain, an easy gift of utterance, and a soul all aglow with love for the gospel. Him they encouraged to become their minister. After three or four years of diligent study and prayer, with such helps in the way of preparation as Mr. Murray could render in his visits from time to time, Mr. Parker, in 1777, began the work of his sacred calling. A small school-house, on Market Street, near where the Mechanics' and Traders' Bank now stands, became the regular Sabbath home of these illumined and rejoicing souls. It was a humble place in which to pay their devotions. But their purposes were sincere, their love was fervent, their songs of praise gave

no uncertain sound, and God was as near to them there as if they had worshiped in church or cathedral, amid the swinging of censers, the chanting of litanies, or the bending knees of thousands. Mr. Murray continued to visit Portsmouth and preach from time to time. On such occasions, the school-house being quite too small for his audiences, the Episcopal church, which was without a rector, was kindly opened for his use.*

After occupying the school-house for some length of time, the congregation removed to the Sandemanian meeting-house, on what is known as "Brimstone-hill." (Surely the gates of tophet may afford a passage into paradise.) Here the movement gained strength and numbers under the faithful leadership of Mr. Parker, until they outgrew their accommodations.

*The fathers in planting this church did not have calm seas and peaceful skies only. They encountered many a storm. It is not in human nature—especially sectarian human nature—to see a new faith come in and plant itself, without remonstrance. Our fathers had all the opposition needful to make the fibres of their spirits firm and strong. On one occasion, William Vaughan, the grandfather of Brother William A. Vaughan, came with several of his companions to Mr. Murray's meeting to make merry at his expense. But such was the effect of the eloquent man's words, that his attention was arrested, his heart was pricked, he forgot the purpose for which he came, took a seat and listened with profound attention, became a happy convert, and was ever afterward a warm supporter of the new faith, as his numerous descendants are to-day.

In 1784, a new house of worship was built in Vaughan street, where Mr. Stoddard's stable now stands. It was a day of great rejoicing when the tribes of the Lord came up to their own temple of praise. It seemed ample and beautiful in their eyes. It was the result of labor and sacrifice. They could worship God now "under their own vine and fig tree with none to molest or make them afraid." They were moving steadily on from strength to strength. Well might they take courage and rejoice. Mr. Parker continued to be the minister until his death in 1787. If success is a safe criterion of judgment, we must believe that he was a wise, faithful, judicious leader and shepherd of the flock.

From this time until 1794 the society was without a pastor. Services, however, were held as supplies could be obtained. Strange as it may seem, up to this time the parish had no legal corporate existence. It was simply a movement, held together by the cohesion of a common faith. In 1793, a petition signed by Daniel Rindge, Thomas Martin, Jonathan Sewall, Martin Parry, and many others, was presented to the General Court of New Hampshire, praying that they and their successors might be incorporated by the name of "The Universalist Society of Portsmouth." This petition was granted, and an "Act of Incorpora-

tion" received the signature of Gov. Josiah Bartlett on the 18th of June, 1793. The society organized under this charter on the 29th of July of the same year; and here your corporate life, with all the records that have been preserved, begins. Up to this point, we have gleaned our information from many sources.

Especially are we indebted to G. W. Bazin, Esq., of Boston, one of the oldest living sons of the parish. He has carried its interests in his heart through all the years; and though the weight of nearly eighty years is upon him, he has journeyed all the way from his home, and is here this morning through the driving storm to participate in these memorial services. It is probable that Mr. Bazin has put in type more arguments, in vindication and illustration of our faith, than any other man that ever lived. He will be remembered and honored forever, as one of the founders of our church in America.* Though we have had no records to guide us thus far, we shall be able to go by the book hereafter.

In August, 1783, Mr. George Richards, of Boston, was invited to become the minister. He accepted and entered upon his duties soon afterward. Mr.

*On the 21st of December, as this work is about going to press, Mr. Bazin passed peacefully away to his rest.

Richards had not at that time been ordained. For five years he discharged the duties of his office, scarcely dreaming that he needed any other commission than the call and ordination of Heaven. But marrying and giving in marriage were common, then, as now. The young people were not willing to receive the blessing of unsympathizing clergymen, when they had a religious shepherd and teacher of their own. Accordingly in May 1798, a committee was appointed "to confer with Mr. Richards on the propriety of qualifying to perform the marriage ceremony." This consultation resulted in his ordination July 11, 1799. As ordinations were somewhat unique in those olden times, we quote a paragraph or two from the Parish Records.

"Voted, That M. Parry, M. Woodman, P. Coues, J. Libby, and John Raynes be a committee to assist in the ordination of Mr. Richards, and, in behalf of this society, to deliver him the Bible as the only rule of his preaching and practice; and on his receiving the some, to publicly declare him the ordained minister and teacher of this society; and that he is fully authorized and empowered, to administer all gospel ordinances, and has all the rights and privileges of a temporal nature that the laws of the State allow to any other settled and ordained minister within the same.

"Thursday, the 11th day of July, was set apart—with submission to Divine Providence, for the ordaining services. Accordingly, at 10 o'clock of said day, the society assembled at their usual place of worship. Brother Jeremiah Libby, as one of the society's committee, introduced the business of the meeting, by a brief declaration of its purposes. Elder Edward Pillsbury, of Northwood, N. H., made the first prayer; Brother John Foster, of Taunton, Mass., preached a suitable discourse; Brother Libby delivered the Scriptures, assisted by the Committee; Brother Richards returned a proper answer; Brother Foster delivered a becoming charge; Elder Pillsbury gave the right-hand of fellowship; Brother Foster offered a concluding prayer, after which Brother Richards pronounced the final blessing."

The parish now had an Ordained Pastor, legally qualified to perform all the functions of a clergyman. The young people, who had been delaying marriage until they could stand in their joy before a minister who preached a gospel of glad tidings, began to call for the exercise of Mr. Richards' new found authority. Among those who came was a young sea captain just returned from a long voyage,—Thomas E. Oliver by name. His home was in Newcastle. Taking his beloved Mary into his ship's boat by his side, and

giving directions to his jolly tars, who volunteered gondolier service for the occasion, he came to town, called upon the minister, was married, and returned happy as any Venetian prince who ever coursed with his bride along the sun-lit waters of his native city. This couple walked together, sharing with each other the burdens and blessings of life for more than sixty years. The duty at last devolved upon me of laying them away within a few days of each other in the peaceful rest of the grave.

Mr. Richards performed all the duties of his office with rare fidelity and success. He was a man of intense convictions; of large comprehensive mind; of warm, generous heart. He was thoroughly conversant with the Scriptures—especially the poetry of the Scriptures. He revelled in the glowing imagery of the psalms and prophecies—passing from one figure to another with a rapidity and an eloquence that made his hearers hold their breath. His oratory was of that glowing, fervid character, which held the imagination captive, caused one almost to forget whether he was in the body or out of the body, and sometimes wrought his congregation up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. We have an illustration of this in the sermon of dedication at Salem. The immense church was thronged in every part. The

people were full of joy, for they had built and were presenting to the Lord one of the largest and most costly churches in New England. Father Murray sat in the pulpit at his side, his aged face, under locks as white as snow, lit up with tenderness and benignity. It was evident to preacher and people that the old soldier would soon go to his rest and his reward. Toward the close of the sermon, which from beginning to end was charged with the electric power of the preacher, having lifted his sympathetic congregation higher and higher in one of those accumulating flights of fervid eloquence, until they were completely wrapped and under his control, he turned suddenly and grasping Father Murray's hand, repeated in a voice that thrilled the deepest currents of every soul, the words of Elisha to the ascending prophet: "My father! My father! The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" It was all so sudden, so unexpected, and yet so charged with meaning, that the audience swayed as though swept by the breath of the Lord, and those who witnessed the scene were accustomed to rehearse it to their children's children in their old age, as the most intensely thrilling moment of their lives.

But Mr. Richards was not a preacher only. He was a pastor as well. He watched constantly over

the interests of his charge, especially the sick and the poor. He would give his last quarter to a stranger or a friend in need, and trust the Lord for his dinner. Although at the beginning of his administration here, his salary was less than $300 per annum, he managed to dispense a generous hospitality. No wonder the pleasure of the Lord prospered in his hands. No wonder when an invitation came to him from a larger field in Philadelphia, the people said emphatically, no! No wonder the congregation grew until it became necessary to have increased church accommodations.

At a parish meeting, January 29, 1807, a proposition was presented to purchase a suitable piece of land, and build a new meeting-house for the use of the society, without cost to the society, on condition that the builders should have the privilege, when the work was completed, of selling the pews and appropriating the money to their own use. This proposition was signed by seventy names* and represented

*NAMES OF SHAREHOLDERS.

Mark Simes,	Nath'l Melcher,
William Simes,	Timothy Gerrish,
Oliver C. Blunt,	William Ham,
Lewis Barnes,	Daniel Huntress,
Isaac Waldron, Jr.	Thomas Manning,
Jeremiah Libby,	William Walker,
James Nutter,	Moses Woodward,

money to the amount of nearly ten thousand dollars. The society "fully approved the laudable intentions of the subscribers," and voted unanimously "that they be instructed to carry out their designs."

That action resulted within the following year, in

Daniel Blaisdell,	Stephen Jenkin,
Daniel Rogers,	Samuel Wyatt,
Joseph Ela,	Gideon Walker,
Benning Morrell,	Joseph Lowe,
George Ham,	Nathl. Dearborn,
Abner Blaisdell, Jr.	James Coffin,
Richard Shapley,	John Abbott,
William Varrell,	Robert Cutts,
John Blaisdell,	Benjamin Floyd,
Luke M. Laighton,	Mark Laighton,
Joseph S. Ayers,	Benjamin Adams,
Benjamin Holmes, Jr.	William Jones, Jr.
George Simes,	W. H. Lilkins,
John Laighton,	Edward Parry,
Thomas Morton,	James Drisco, Jr.
James Ferguson,	Edmund Roberts,
John Gaines,	Eleazer Taft,
Daniel Brown,	John T. Davis,
John F. Weare,	Nathl. Gunnison,
William Jones,	Reuben S. Randal,
Joseph Harrold,	Henry Tredick, Jr.
John Locke,	John Frothingham,
James Holmes,	Edward Salter,
Edmund Davis,	Michael Vaughan,
Abner Blaisdell,	Charles Blunt,
Langley Boardman,	Abraham Shaw,
Nath'l B. March,	Thomas M. Shaw,
Charles Treadwell,	Robert Blunt.

It will be seen that many of these men, were among the most influential citizens of the town.

the completion and dedication of this church, at that time the largest and finest church edifice in New Hampshire. Indeed, although it has withstood the storms of more than sixty years, there is scarcely a more cheerful or inviting church in the State to-day. Its dimensions are just perfect. Its architectural design and finish are all that could be desired. Its location must have been chosen by one who was at once a poet, an artist, and a lover and student of nature. You may search the country for a hundred miles around, and you shall fail to find a more desirable location for a church edifice, nestling as it does in this quiet nook, with trees, gardens, green fields or peaceful waters on every hand, and yet in the very heart of the city. Having witnessed the completion of this crowning work of his hand in Portsmouth, Mr. Richards accepted a twice repeated call to Philadelphia, after an eminently useful pastorate of sixteen years.*

*Among the more active members of the parish during Mr. Richard's Pastorate, are

Abner Blaisdell,	John Raynes,
Jeremiah Libby,	Thomas Simes,
Martin Parry,	J. Frothingham,
Joshua Wentworth,	Clement Jackson,
Peter Coues,	Nathaniel Melcher,
Moses Woodward,	William Soursby,
Peter Pearse,	William Jones,
Mark Simes,	Joseph Ela,
Joseph Simes,	Lewis Barnes.

Who should be his successor? The parish was large and full of zeal. It embraced much of the wealth, culture and social influence of the town. It had a new and commodious church edifice. It could command the best talent in the denomination. The winds had borne tidings from the mountains to the sea, that among the hills of Vermont was a young champion who was doing valiant service for the Lord. They would hear him if possible, and see if his talents warranted the flattering reports concerning him. Accordingly, in answer to an urgent invitation, Rev. Hosea Ballou, then in the full strength of his early manhood, came down to spend a few days with the Portsmouth friends. The result was that he became the pastor of the parish at a salary of $800 per annum, and was installed November 8, 1809.

I need hardly tell you that Mr. Ballou was one of the most remarkable men of his age, or any age. As an original explorer in the fields of Biblical exegesis, and theological science, he has hardly an equal in history. His clear, analytic mind pierced the foggy reasoning of theologians as the sun pierces the parted cloud. At his touch disjointed truths assumed their relative positions and due proportion. His simple rhetoric made questions that were dark and blind transparent to a child. He came here as we have

seen in his early manhood, just as his powers were ripening. He threw himself into his work with all the strength of perfect health and intense conviction. In a little while his influence was felt through all the town. The pastors of the neighboring churches were alarmed. They must do something if possible to limit his influence. Accordingly Rev. Mr. Buckminster, of the North Church, an eminent scholar and theologian, addressed a note to Mr. Ballou, saying that he "saw throngs crowding to his meetings every Sunday," and warning him of "the awful responsibility of luring those precious souls to hell." This letter resulted, as it was intended, in a controversial correspondence between Dr. Buckminster and his Universalist neighbor. From this discussion the assailant, as everybody conceded, came out with armor pierced, with shield shattered, and spear broken. Dr. Walton then attended a funeral where Mr. Ballou officiated, and called him to account for the comforting thoughts that were uttered there. A debate followed, and again Mr. Ballou vindicated his cause so thoroughly as to convince his opponent and the entire community, that whether Universalism is true or false it is capable of successful defense from reason and the Scriptures.* From that time until

*As one of these discussions was going on, we believe that

now, the pastors of this church have gone in and out among their people, and no man has invited an encounter with them in the arena of controversy. While pastor of this church, Mr. Ballou also made valuable contributions to theological literature. His "Treatise on the Atonement," the first strictly Unitarian book published in this country, and one of the most convincing books on the subjects treated ever issued, was largely planned if not written here.

During his ministry, war was declared between

with Mr. Buckminister, a little boy, Tobias H. Miller by name, was sent to carry one of the letters to Mr. Ballou. He went with fear and trembling, for he had heard it said a great many times that Mr. Ballou was a "dangerous man." He waited long at the door before venturing to strike the knocker. At length, partly in hope that somebody else would come to the door, and partly because he was a faithful boy who felt that he must do his errand, he knocked, and then stood back with his hand extended, intending to deliver his letter and then run away as fast as he could. He heard foot-steps in the hall. His little heart beat hard against his jacket. The latch lifted, and lo, not a child-eater, or a man-eater, or a beast with hoofs and horns, but a tall, manly, benignant man stood before him. "Does Mr. Ballou live here?" said the boy. "I am Mr. Ballou," was the response. "I have a letter for you from Mr. Buckminster," said the boy. "O, I am glad to see you, my little friend, won't you come in," said Mr. Ballou. "No I thank you," answered Tobias, "I was not told to go in." "Well, wait a moment," said the tall man, "and let me get you an apple." And so Tobias went away saying to himself, "Is that the man that they call bad? I don't believe he is bad at all." That boy subsequently became one of our most thoughtful and able ministers.

England and America. And now came the first shaking and sifting the parish ever experienced. Until now unity had prevailed, and the course had been steadily onward. But this, like every other war, found conflicting opinions and divided interests. Many of the members of the parish were largely engaged in commerce. The embargo that came with hostilities, laid up or destroyed their ships, and touched the sensitive nerve of moneyed interest. Their selfishness was a little more than a match for their patriotism. Mr. Ballou was loyal to his country. Like the honest, earnest man that he was, he gave utterance to his convictions. Consequently a large number of his most wealthy supporters left him and took refuge in the South Church. How loosely religious convictions rest upon the shoulders of some men. They shout mightily for a cause to-day, and you would think they were ready to defend it with their lives. To-morrow some prejudice or seeming interest comes between, and they forsake it forever.

In May 1815, Mr. Ballou received a flattering call from the Universalist Church in Salem. Earnest measures were at once taken to retain his services here. The confidence and affection of his people were expressed in many ways and in most flattering terms. It was also proposed to make his compensa-

tion the same that was offered in Salem. But while Mr. Ballou assured his people of an undying love for them, and interest in their welfare, he regarded it as his duty to accept the invitation. The voice of the Lord was calling him, though he knew it not, toward the wider centre of influence, at the metropolis of New England.

In May 1816, Rev. Sebastian Streeter was called to the Pastorate of the parish. No better successor of Mr. Ballou could probably have been found. He was still in the glow of his early manhood, but he had been in the ministry long enough to become familiar with the duties and experiences of a preacher and pastor. He was a man of rare eloquence. It was our privilege to listen to him once in his old age, when he was bent and broken by the infirmities of years. I have rarely heard more effective preaching than he gave us even then. He was an intensely magnetic man. It was not simply what he said, but the spiritual unction with which he uttered truth, that won you and held you. More than this, he was a pastor of the people and a shepherd of the flock. He loved his work and looked with watchful care after every parish interest. He found the parish large and strong and it did not falter on his hands. He carried it steadily forward. During his adminis-

tration, the church was re-organized, and the tone of thought and life became less controversial and more spiritual. He fed the flock with knowledge and instruction during eight happy years, and left them in 1824, to take charge of the first Universalist Church in Boston. In his Letter of Resignation Mr. Streeter says,

"To form the resolution of dissolving my ministerial relations with you, has cost me many painful struggles and sleepless nights. It is the sacrifice of strong inclination to what appears to be an imperious duty as a minister of the Lord Jesus, and the father of a numerous and growing family. The most hallowed affections of my whole soul are yet with you, and will, I am sure, linger behind, long after this feeble body shall be absent from you."

In a long and tender epistle from the parish to the retiring pastor we find these words of fraternal interest and affection:

"Accept, dear sir, our offers of Christian fellowship and brotherly love. You have lived with us: we esteem you: we respect you. Our families will long remember the friendly intercourse and familiar visits we have had from you, both in sickness and in health, in adversity and prosperity. Thus we tender you our brotherly love, our affectionate fellowship, so

long as you pursue those paths of virtue, religion and piety, in which you have hitherto walked, and are true to the Gospel which you have uniformly exemplified as Pastor of this Society."*

Mr. Streeter was succeeded by Rev. Edward Turner, who assumed the pastorate in April, 1824. During his ministry the Universalist Church in Providence was consumed by fire, and this parish made a generous donation to rebuild the same. Measures were also taken to procure an organ. At a parish meeting in June 1827, it was voted that Abner Greenleaf be allowed the amount of his pew tax for leading the singing during the past year. This was the first money ever contributed in this church to that important department of worship. Mr. Turner was one of the most cultivated preachers in our order at that time, and his sermons that have come down to us are models of chaste and graceful oratory. His pastorate closed March 24, 1828, and covered a period of four years. It was a useful and faithful

*During the pastorates of Mr. Ballou and Mr. Streeter, the offices of the Parish were held by

Abner Blaisdell,	Samuel Mudge,
Thomas Marston,	John Locke,
Thomas P. Drown,	Langley Boardman,
Daniel Brown,	Abner Greenleaf,
Eleazer Taft,	John Gaines,
Geo. Ham,	

ministry; though the records show that there was a little friction, which grieved the Pastor and led him to think it was desirable to have a change.

In July of the same year, Rev. Thomas F. King was called from Hudson, N. Y. He was a sweet, pure, strong, wise, faithful soul. One who knew him well, says, "he had examined critically the evidences of natural and revealed religion. His faith was not a mere speculation; it was the strong and ever active belief of his soul. He adored, and loved, and obeyed God as a Father. He put his implicit trust in the boundless goodness of that Father." This faith, this spirit pervaded all his ministry. Like his illustrious son he was not only King by name, he was a Kingly Soul. Many of Thomas Starr's finest gifts were inherited from his father. As an elocutionist, the father was even superior to the son. We have heard competent judges say that he was the finest reader they ever heard. He used while here to be held up as a model in the schools. A little incident in illustration of his elocutionary power may be of interest. A member of the parish had become displeased on some account and dropped out of the congregation. He had even gone so far as to say that he would not hear Mr. King any more. On one occasion he came to the church thinking the pulpit was to be occupied

by a stranger. As he entered the church Mr. King rose in his place to begin the service. The man turned to leave. The voice of the preacher—sonorous, melodious and full of persuasion—sounded through the church in that grand chapter from Isaiah, beginning, "Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" The man was arrested in his flight. He listened for a moment. Then he tried to go. The voice of the reader called him back. He started a third time. "Incline your ear and come unto me, hear and your soul shall live!" floated through the half open door into the vestibule, and into his half open soul. "I cannot resist that voice!" said he, "I cannot!" and he returned to his place in the church, and never wandered afterward.

In the summer of 1829, certain members of the parish were appointed a committee, by the Portsmouth Auxiliary Bible Society, to distribute Bibles among the families in the society that were not supplied with that useful volume. Our brethren did not quite regard the parish as missionary ground; and so at a parish meeting, August 2, it was,

"*Resolved*, That we highly approve of the distribution of the Bible, and that we will endeavor to ascertain whether any persons or families in this Society are destitute of it, and if there are, we will take

measures and provide the means of supplying them."

A committee was appointed to make a thorough canvass of the society, and ascertain how many families, if any, were destitute; to open a subscription, if funds should be needed, and report at a subsequent meeting. This committee, having attended to the duty assigned them, reported, that they

"Found the Universalists of the town supplied with Bibles, with a single exception;" they had "ascertained from personal application to the members of the society, that there were one hundred and seventy-seven heads of families, and other individuals not included in these families, and that the society collectively had four hundred and sixteen Bibles and two hundred and two Testaments," which the committee "considered sufficient evidence of the high estimation in which the Universalists held the sacred volume."

We believe the "Auxiliary Society" has not deemed it necessary to distribute Bibles in this parish since that day. This Resolution also appears under date June 6th, 1831.

"*Resolved*, That the members of this society, deem the practice of loitering in the porch and about the doors of the meeting-house during the ringing of the bell, to be highly improper and unbecoming, and

that they will endeavor by their influence and example to abolish the indecorous custom."

Owing to this timely action, and perhaps other good influences, it can be said that for promptness and decorum in coming to and retiring from church, the Portsmouth congregation is second to none in New England. October 14, 1832, Rev. Mr. King was appointed a delegate, to "meet delegates from other parishes in the State, at Claremont, on the 24th inst., and form a State Convention." At a parish meeting, February 9, 1834, a letter was read from Rev. William Bell, of Woodstock, Vt., inviting the society to send delegates to a proposed meeting, at Warwick, Vt., "to consult upon the expediency of the Universalists purchasing Captain Partridge's buildings for a literary seminary." A strong vote was adopted in favor of endowing a Literary Institution to be under the patronage of the Universalist Church. If we mistake not, this was the first step taken in the direction of Denominational Education. What would our fathers have thought had they been told that within a generation, we should have five Colleges, and nearly twice as many Academies, endowed at an expense of four or five millions of dollars?

About this time great interest was taken in the music of the church, and parish singing schools were

held which were highly useful to the town and are remembered until this day. Taken all in all the parish never had, perhaps, a more happy or prosperous pastorate than that of Mr. King. His whole soul was in his work, and the fires of his nature burned with such a glow, that they burned his life away, at the early age of forty-two years. The conditions of the parish cannot be better stated, than by quoting a few lines from a letter addressed by the society to the General Convention in 1830:

"We are highly favored in being permitted to sit under the preaching of our much esteemed brother and pastor, Thomas F. King. We have listened with silent rapture to his delineations of the great love our Heavenly Father has manifested towards his children. The society numbers in all about seven hundred and fifty souls, and the usual attendants upon public worship are about five hundred. Great harmony exists in the society, and we hope that the day is very distant, when any root of bitterness shall spring up to trouble us."

After a pastorate of seven years Mr. King tendered his resignation, to take charge of the Universalist Church in Charlestown, Mass. This is his parting testimony to his people:

"In asking the dissolution of an official relation

which has so happily subsisted for more than seven years, it gives me great pleasure to state, that I am not in the least degree influenced by motives of disaffection toward the society. Wherever God in his Providence may cast my lot, I shall always cherish a lively recollection of your noble generosity and kindness to me and my family."*

Rev. Moses Ballou was chosen as Mr. King's successor. He was installed during a session of the New Hampshire Convention in this church, June 16, 1836. The Sermon of Installation was preached by Father Ballou. Charge by Father Streeter—both former pastors of the parish. Right hand of Fellow-

* Mr. King was greatly aided by a modest, unassuming member of the parish by the name of John Grant, who often filled the pulpit acceptably, and was diligent in every good work. The following names hold prominent place in the parish records during this administration.

Nathaniel March,
John Bennett,
George Simes,
John Gregory,
Samuel Gookin,
Wm. D. Bell,
John Badger,
Thomas D. Bailey,
Jonathan Judkins,
Daniel Brown,
John Smith,
Robert Gray,
William Illsley,
John Grant,
Nath. Dearborn,
Oliver Brooks,
Joseph S. Ayers,
John Locke,
John Christie,
James Place,
Oliver March,
Henry S. Rand,
William Simes,
Joseph Cheever,
William A. Vaughan.

ship by Rev. J. G. Adams—a son of the parish. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity; the services were of deepest interest, and hope and joy lit up the faces, and filled the hearts of all.

The Pastor, a youth with the tinge of apple blossoms in his cheeks and redolent of summer orchards, possessed maturity beyond his years. His preaching blended the fervor of youth with the solidity of thought and argument which usually come only with mature age. The Lord blessed his labors. He loved his ministry, and his people loved him, and they all walked together during seven happy prosperous years, "in the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace." There was no ripple of discontent, no flagging of interest. The congregations were very large; the church received numerous accessions; the people worked together with one heart and with one soul. One of the first acts of the parish under this administration, was to take a collection "for the purpose of erecting a monument," as the record expresses it, "over the remains of the lamented Rev. John Murray, the Father of Universalism in America." Subsequently a subscription was raised "to aid our society in Iowa City in building a church." It may be interesting to know that the University of Iowa is located in that city, and that two or three hundred of

the students listen every Sunday to a liberal gospel, as a result in part of that perhaps forgotten charity. It is thus that "bread cast upon the waters" returns to you after many days. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him."

The only act in Mr. Ballou's connection with this parish which really tried and grieved his people, was when he bade them good-bye to engage in Christian service in a larger city.

Rev. George W. Montgomery comes next in the Pastoral succession. The entire spirit of his ministry can be expressed in the words of the title of a little book, which we believe he wrote while here: "The Law of Kindness." While he left a good record and influence as preacher and pastor, he is especially remembered as the founder of Odd Fellowship in Portsmouth. The planting of this Order in a town or city, is only second, in its influence for good, to the planting of a Christian Church. It is but another form of the one church of Christ that is laboring for the amelioration of the woes and sorrows of mankind, and the salvation of the world. The relations of Mr. Montgomery with the parish continued only two years.

In 1845, Moses Ballou accepted an invitation to

return. In February 1848, finding his health declining, he dissolved his connection with the parish, and was succeeded by Rev. S. S. Fletcher, in July of the same year.

Mr. Fletcher's administration was especially distinguished by successful work in the Sunday School. Under his skilful leadership the school improved greatly in numbers, discipline, and general efficiency. The parish feels his influence yet, through the good service which he rendered there. His pastorate continued but two years.*

In February 1851, Rev. W. A. P. Dillingham was called. He was a worthy, cultivated, Christian man

* During this period the secular affairs of the parish were managed, and the efforts of the ministers were ably seconded, by such men as

Brackett Hutchings,	A. A. Peterson,
Robert Gray,	John Laighton,
William Simes,	Abner Greenleaf,
John Gains,	T. H. Miller,
William A. Vaughan,	Samuel Gookin,
William J. Laighton,	Oliver Ayers,
John Bennett,	A. H. Jones,
William P. Gookin,	H. F. Wendell,
Andrew Hussey,	John P. Simes,
James B. Pray,	C. H. Mendum,
S. J. Dodge,	Samuel S. Green,
T. G. Senter,	William Varrel,
John Harratt,	John C. Varrel,
J. M. Carr,	Daniel Marcy,
J. F. Hartshorn,	E. Peterson.

and minister. His people were highly pleased with him, and looked forward to a season of happy fellowship and prosperity. But he was not strong enough for the work. His health failed, and he retired at the end of the year, to the regret of all.

The next minister was Rev. Lemuel Willis, who assumed the pastorate in 1852. A man of mature years, of ripe experience, of dignified presence, of large heart, and solid attainments, he was just the pastor needed to solidify the parish after a succession of youthful ministers. He did a work which a young man could not have done. He left an influence that will be healthful and happy always. He is a noble man, and an able and faithful minister. Let us inscribe his name high up among the wisest and most useful shepherds that ever led and fed this flock. We have always deemed it a misfortune that his connection with the parish covered a period of only three years.

Our own ministry began the third Sunday in August, 1855. The installation took place November 8th, of the same year. Dr. Chapin, of New York, preached the sermon. Rev. T. J. Greenwood, and Rev. G. V. Maxham participated in the services. It was an occasion of solemn interest to us all. While listening to the sermon, the charge and the prayer, a

sense of the responsible trust which you were committing to my young and inexperienced hands, almost overwhelmed me, and with a love which words cannot express, I consecrated to the parish all the powers of my soul.

From the first day that we came among you, you met us with a kindly, genial interest, that made us feel that you were our friends. If we had been children, just returned after years of absence, we could scarcely have received a more hearty welcome. We came young and inexperienced from our country home, unacquainted with the duties of pastoral life; unaccustomed to society, especially in a city, and with little to commend us but an earnest zeal for God. You gathered about us like the brothers and sisters that you were and are. You excused our faults; you overlooked our failings. You put the best construction upon my words. You called my sermons good, when they had little merit but their spirit and their intention. You joined with all sympathy in my prayers. You held up my hands while I prayed "even unto the going down of the sun." You helped me bear my burdens. You made the shadows bright, and the crooked paths straight before me. And to me at least, that fellowship was

very sweet, that union was very dear, during those peaceful, happy years.

The congregation grew as the months passed along. The Sunday School was full of interest, and the young and the old seemed to rival each other, in work for the church and in kindness toward the minister and his family. We shall never forget those familiar calls at our cottage home, or the more than hospitality with which we were received at all your family and social gatherings.*

At length it begun to be whispered, that the church needed renovation, and what was whispered at first by the fire-side was soon proclaimed from

* I shall never cease to be grateful for the considerate and kindly help of Rev. T. H. Miller. He was to me almost as a father. He told me a thousand things that I needed to know—he seemed to know everything. He gave me a warm, generous sympathy. He was ready to help whenever I needed him, and he was not jealous if I did not call on him. When there was anything to commend in my sermons, he made much of his opportunity, and told the people how well the young preacher had spoken and how he was improving. When there was nothing to commend—as was to frequently the case—he was silent as a sphinx, and often took the middle of the street and made a bee line for home lest some one should ask for his opinion. If there was anything of profit in my ministry during those early years, I want you to give a liberal share of credit to dear Father Miller. If I were asked to-day for the best evidence I can give that I am fitted for the work of my profession, I should answer that I sat eleven years for instruction at the feet of Mr. Miller. Timothy G. Senter also was of incalculable service to me in the pulpit

many lips upon the house-top. And the most skilful artists were called from near and afar, "and the workmen wrought, and the work was perfected by them, and they strengthened and repaired the house of the Lord." How glad we were when we met again in the old sanctuary, in its adornments more beautiful than the fathers ever dreamed! We said we had the most cheery church in the world, and we were a cheerful, happy people, and "peace dwelt within the walls of Zion and prosperity within her palaces."

And then came the storm of Rebellion, and for years the parish like the country rocked upon a troubled sea of war. We suffered together through all those terrible years. With blessings and prayers while our hearts were almost breaking, we gave our husbands, brothers and sons, as seed for the furrows.

and everywhere. But for the help of these saintly souls I should certainly have broken down under a burden that was too heavy for my weak hands. The officers of the parish during this period were

T. G. Senter,
William Simes,
Wm. J. Laighton,
Brackett Hutchings,
J. M. Carr,
J. F. Hartshorn,
Leonard Akerman,
Oliver Ayers,
S. J. Dodge,
Daniel Marcy,
H. F. Wendell,
A. Q. Wendell,
John Harratt,
J. P. Morse,
John Hodgdon,
Samuel S. Green.

We saw them go forth to meet the dangers of the battle and die, if need be, that the nation might live. There are men here now whose hearts were fired in those dark days, and who by their heroism and self-sacrifice earned the eternal gratitude of their county. And we stood together by the open graves when all our hearts were bleeding and our eyes were brimming with tears; and I uttered such words as God gave me, to steady your purpose, and keep your hearts from breaking, and confirm your faith in God. I believed with all the intensity of my soul, that every interest of home, of church, of country, of humanity, was on trial; that we must save our country or lose everything that made life worth the living. I gave earnest utterance to my convictions and did all that I could do to help the loyal cause. And then came averted faces, opposition and denunciation. To the pain of seeing our native land bleed at every pore, we had the added pain of seeing those whom we had loved and trusted turn against us. But through all those awful years, you stood up and met the tide of war and trial as the rock meets the wave. You gave of your substance with unparalleled generosity, whenever the country could be helped by giving. You increased your contribution to the church at home and abroad, and to all general charity. You

found men to take the places of those who went out from us. You said to the minister in word and deed and in a thousand ways, be loyal to your country, your conscience, and your God. For unflinching devotion to the cause of loyalty and liberty, the community will agree that you were the banner parish in this city.

I do not refer to those dark days for the purpose of reproaching anybody. I speak of them because they are a part of our history, and because they left a mark upon the parish, which in a sense we all deplore. But I want to say here, that if I ever did a conscientious work on earth, a work into which I put the fidelity and self-sacrifice of a martyr spirit, it was during the rebellion. I look back upon that work out of the years, after the clouds have drifted away, and I say that if I had those years to live over again, I would not do less for my country. I believe that the spirit which possessed me, and the work which I performed, are approbated and approved to-day of high heaven.

My connection with the parish covered a period of eleven years, the longest pastorate, with the exception of Mr. Richards, in all your history. The seven years that have elapsed since we parted company are too recent and familiar to need extended rehearsal.

Rev. Mr. Ambler, my immediate successor, is an excellent man and a preacher of marked ability. His sermons were a spiritual and intellectual feast to you. But he accepted a call to Medford, Mass., at the expiration of two years, and his ministry is like a remembered strain of sweet music.

To Rev. Mr. Bicknell the parish gave a warm welcome, and he gained many friends. In addition to his zealous work at home, he performed effective service in the adjoining towns. The flourishing church at Kittery was planted through his instrumentality. Your beautiful and excellent organ will also stand as a memorial of his ministry of two years.

To Rev. Mr. Van Cise you opened your whole souls. He is a young man of rare gifts and consecration. From the way you worked together there was promise of unusual prosperity. The beautiful vestry and other commodious rooms that occupy the basement, will testify in coming years to his genial spirit and earnest Christian life. But his health failed, and he was obliged to leave you. And so we round the century. Amen.

ORIGINAL HYMN.

BY MRS. ANNE L. MARVIN.

We come, oh God, to give Thee praise,
That when thy church was blind
To own the mercy of thy ways,
A herald Thou didst find;

To bring the gospel of thy love
Dispelling all our fears,
And plant it by the sea, to prove
A joy in after years.

We bless Thee, Lord, for all the past—
For those glad tidings given,
That all the world shall make, at last,
One family in heaven!

That sin and wrong and sorrow's pall
At length shall flee away;
And Christ's dear kingdom over all
Have everlasting sway.

Then let us gird our armor on
And bid the truth, all Hail!
Until the last sad soul is won,
His counsels shall not fail.

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

EVENING SERVICE.

PRAYER.

Almighty God our Heavenly Father; Thou to whom a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night; and yet who dost notice the falling sparrow and number the very hairs of our heads; we would bow humbly before Thee at this time, and invoke the help of thy heavenly benediction.

As we read the history of this beloved church, we would see Thy guardian Providence on every page; and though we rejoice with exceeding joy over him who planted this vine, and every steward who has digged about it, or watered it, or fastened a solitary clasper to the eternal stability of Thy love; behind all, within all, and over all, we would see *Thee*, the ever present Author and Giver, the pervading spirit, life of our life, maker and guardian of the truth; God of our Salvation!

Holy Father, we would remember in this glad hour, that though Paul may plant and Apollus water, Thou givest the increase. And as we stand in the midst of the years, with a century of intimate experience and love and fellowship looking down upon us, may we rejoice and take courage in all the blessedness of the past.

God of our fathers, come near unto us with the inspiration of thy spirit, and may we be strong to do and dare, valiant to battle for the truth, as were they who stood on the watch tower of this Zion in the days gone by.

In the great cloud of witnesses to thy truth, which thickens about us to-day, we see the faces of saintly men and women, who adorned the doctrine of God, our savior with well ordered lives and a godly conversation. We thank Thee for the humility and patient trust with which they served Thee and their fellow men. The record of the years gleams with their precious names. Not alone on the watch-towers of Zion, but crowding its gates, thronging these aisles, gathering about this altar, we see defenders of the faith and living witnesses of thy truth. We thank Thee for their fidelity in the midst of doubt and dissension; that thou didst give them strength to fight the good fight and keep the faith.

God of all mercy; we thank Thee for the heralds of thy truth, who have gone out from this thy house, and who count this beloved church as their nursing mother. We thank Thee for their holy lives; for their valiant service; for the fields where they toil to-day, and for the harvests that whiten before their eyes. O God, the corn which they have planted shakes like Lebanon! Give them increased strength and a new consecration as they meditate upon thy exceeding goodness, and may they glorify thy name, and honor this Mother church, in all the future as they have done in all the past. And when they who now bear the burden and heat of the day shall go to their reward, may they leave a memory as fragrant and reviving, as that of the two young soldiers of the cross, whom this church recalls with tearful thanksgiving, who, full of promise, went early to the heavenly rest.

God of our fathers, send down thy benediction upon those who gather about this altar now. Give them the fire of youth,—the zeal of Apostles, the fidelity of martyrs. Baptize them anew in the ocean of thy love, and may they deem no service too severe, no sacrifice too precious, to be laid upon the altar of eternal truth. Touch the hearts of those who have strayed from this fold, and may they hear the voice

of the Good Shepherd calling after them to return. And may multitudes throng these aisles, as clouds and as doves to their windows. Make the new days better than the old, and may thy truth run and be glorified, until all lands receive it, and the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ. Amen.

HYMN.

God of our fathers! at this holy hour
We come with hearts uplifted to thy throne;
While nations vanish, Thou in deathless power
Dost live and reign unrivalled and alone.

'Tis meet that we should praise thy glorious name,
Who to our fathers wert a shield and guide,
As hither in the days of old they came,
Strong thro' their trust in Thee, tho' weak beside.

We bless Thee that the seed so early sown
Of truth and freedom on this soil we tread,
Such life hath found, such fruitfulness hath shown,
To such a wide and hopeful growth hath sped.

Henceforth, we pray, be thy sustaining hand
With us, and those who after us appear,
The children of our consecrated land,
The guardians of our homes and temples here.

Make each obedient to thy wise behest,
Not in the past or present good to stay,
But still to toil that earth may yet be blest
With the full fruits of freedom's perfect day.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

(CONCLUDED.)

In this sketch thus far, I have said nothing about the church, preferring to reserve that for a separate paragraph. I am sorry that there is so little to say. If you have failed in anything it has been in the work of building up a church. And it is easy to see the reason of this failure. We have not given the church the place in our thought and effort that its importance demands. Our fathers had suffered so much from the bonds, creeds, and confessions of the church from which they came, that they shrank from pledges, and covenants, confessions and ceremonies. Men were groping in the night of a false theology, and they thought only of giving them light. They believed that if the truth could be spread abroad, it would carry with it all other blessings. And then

they were constantly assailed. They were obliged to contend earnestly and all the time for the faith once delivered to the saints. They were constantly engaged in clearing new lands. It seemed to them that they had little time to plant orchards and vineyards. This was their one mistake. They needed to plant and sow as they cleared the land, that the growing harvest of truth might keep down the weeds of error. You cannot supplant a false church with no church at all. You must supplant it with a true church—the living, active, working body of Christ.

The first attempt at church organization was in July, 1794. Soon after the settlement of Mr. Richards, a "Testimony of Belief and Fellowship" was adopted, which recognizes the Inspiration and Divine authority of the Scriptures; the Fatherhood of God; the Lordship and Leadership of Jesus of Nazareth; the Brotherhood of the Race; the necessity of faith and good works; the certain retribution for sin; the presence and help of the Holy Spirit; the ultimate triumph of good over evil, and the bringing of all souls into harmony with each other and obedience to their Maker. As regards the usual sacraments of the church—Baptism and the Lord's Supper,—every man was to be fully persuaded in his own mind; and it was provided, "in the fellowship of one spirit of Charity,"

that no man should "judge another man's conscience."

This uniting compact was unanimously adopted, and bears the signatures of thirty-eight members of the society, all of whom are men.* No doubt the women also enjoyed the privileges of the organization, though their names do not appear. We find no reference to this "Society of Believers" afterwards, except in the occasional appointment of what they called the "Advisory Committee," until Mr. Streeter's time. Then the society was re-organized and took the name of Church, starting with thirty-two members. Eighteen others joined during Mr. Street-

* ORIGINAL MEMBERS.

Joseph Wentworth,
P. Pierce,
Peter Coues,
Jeremiah Libbey,
George Wentworth,
William Ham,
Abner Blaisdell,
Jacob Walden,
John Raynor,
Rendal Fernald,
Nathl. Melcher,
Daniel R. Rogers,
Moses Woodward,
Clarence Jackson,
Nathl. Stone,
Granville Smith,
Martin Parry,
George Ham,
George Deane,
Mark Rogers,
George Plaisted,
John Hall,
William Blaisdell,
John Frothingham,
P. G. Carter,
T. G. Yeaton,
Thomas Lunt,
Richard Jackson,
Joseph Simes,
William Soursby,
Abner Blaisdell, Jr.
Joseph S. Ayer,
Samuel Jackson,
Richard Champney,
Joseph Ayer, Jr,
Mark Dame,
William Plaisted.

er's administration. Four were added under Mr. Turner. Twenty-eight under Mr. King. Sixty-one joined under Moses Ballou, thirty of them in one day. Two under Mr. Montgomery. During Mr. Ballou's second administration a New Constitution was adopted. The advisory committee ceased, and two Deacons, two assistant Deacons, a Clerk and Treasurer, to be chosen annually, took their place. John Bennett and Francis C. Jarvis were chosen Deacons, and T. G. Senter and Horatio G. Brown, Assistant Deacons. Brackett Hutchings was elected Treasurer, and Charles H. Mendum, Clerk. Five members were added during the second pastorate of Mr. Ballou. Five under the ministry of Mr. Fletcher. No additions are reported under Mr. Dillingham. None under Mr. Willis. During Mr. Patterson's administration ninety-five members were added to the church. In 1854 W. J. Laighton is elected Assistant Deacon. In 1858 Brackett Hutchings is chosen Assistant Deacon, in place of T. G. Senter, removed from the city. On the decease of Dr. Hutchings, J. M. Carr is chosen Assistant Deacon in his stead. We find no record of accessions during Mr. Ambler's pastorate. In 1870 two were received by Mr. Bicknell. Since that time no records have been transcribed upon the pages of the Book. On a slip of pa-

per are three other names, but the date is not given.*

This is a meagre report, as compared with what it should have been. It shows conclusively that we have made too little of the church and its ordinances. This neglect is the tap root of many of our troubles.

If, as a religious people, we would do efficiently, the Christian work to which we have been called, we must be more than a mere secular organization, more than a congregation of men and women gathered about an idea, or a favorite preacher. We must be a church, a pledged, organized, fused, cemented body of believers in Christ, recognizing Jesus as our leader, and keeping faithfully the commandments and ordinances of the Gospel. If the church had not been a necessity of human nature, it would never have been ordained of him who "needed not that any should testify of man, for he knew what was in man." The nearer we keep to the plans and precepts of Jesus, the better will it be for us and the cause of Christ we love so well. If the Fathers had *planted the church*, in the very beginning of their work, and made it *the special organization*, and sought continually to bring those who believed into its fellowship and under its

*A note from Br. Bicknell, informs me that 21 or 22 members were added to the church during his ministry.

influence, we would have a better showing as a parish and denomination for the work of a hundred years. We would have less occasion to say of men who have been taught and nurtured at our altar, they went out from us. The covenant of a church, has more influence in holding men, than mere sympathy of opinion. If opinion is all a man has he can carry that with him anywhere.

But while we have fallen behind many other sects in the work of building up a church, we have excelled them all in moulding religious opinion. A hundred years ago the harsher doctrines of Calvinism —Original Sin, Total Depravity, Vicarious Atonement, Election and Reprobation, Eternal Suffering in literal fire, were everywhere proclaimed and everywhere believed. Dread, fear, terror of the great stern God and judge, were the prevailing sentiment. Men trembled before him, and but for the thought of a compassionate Saviour, who stood between them and God as their friend and intercessor, there would have been no joy or hope in the world. All the literature of the time embodied this idea. All our social, educational, and political institutions were based upon it and helped it on. How is it to-day? Take your own city and tell me who are the old-fashioned Calvinists? Who believes in infant damnation?

Who believes in the absolute depravity of a soul that God made? Who believes in an eternal hell of literal fire? Who believes that our good God and Father will ever build eternal walls of partition between himself and the children he created to "glorify him and enjoy him forever?" Who preaches that doctrine now? Does any pastor in this city? No, it would empty his church in a year. Many years ago, one of the pastors of the North Church, signified to me that he could count the Calvinists in his parish on his fingers, and there are fewer now than there were then. If the preachers who are teaching Universalism, in the so-called othodox pulpits, would come out and join our church, our force would be augmented more than four fold. And it would bring to us some of the ablest men in these denominations. If the men and women scattered through these churches, who "trust in the living God as the Saviour of all men," would come out and enlist under our banner, it would cripple every other church in America, while we would become an army that no man could number. The best literature of the land is also on our side. The philosophy of Universalism breathes in our best song and story. Anybody who would write a book that shall find readers and live, must breathe in and through its pages, the

spirit of love to God, and kindness and good-will to men. It has killed slavery. It has given freedom to all the land and all the inhabitants thereof. It has made tremendous strides since Murray first proclaimed it here. It shall go on until in the century or centuries to be, its glory will pervade the world.

Our church has a right to be called the Church of America. The genius of our Religion, is perfectly at one with the genius of our Government. They had their birth at the same time, and out of the same soul-struggles for freedom. Washington made Murray one of his chaplains, and kept him in office against the protestations of half the sectarian chaplains in the service. The history of our church and of our government run parallel from the beginning. *This* church, has stood like a tower of strength, to defend the flag and the country through two wars.

From the first this parish has been largely represented in the affairs of the Town and Country. Look over the records of the parish, and the town, and you will find the same names running back as far as the parish record extends. Drown, who was parish clerk for nearly a quarter of a century, was clerk of the town about the same number of years. And Deacon Bennett, one of our saints, and one of the purest souls God ever made, kept the town and city records for

nearly a third of a century. When Portsmouth became a city, her first mayor was chosen from this parish. When he retired she drew again for her chief executive upon our able men. Since the city charter was adopted, you have had ten or eleven mayors. Five of them were members of this parish, including the present efficient incumbent, Hon. T. E. O. Marvin,—and to a man they managed your affairs with ability, prudence and discretion.

One of your number, Abner Greenleaf, sat for a generation in the Legislature of the State; and two at least of your active men, have been in the Congress of the United States,—one of them in the Upper House of Congress. Time would fail me to rehearse half the public offices of trust and honor, that have been filled and filled efficiently by members of this parish.

This parish has always been the champion of reform. Intemperance, licentiousness, slavery, and social and political corruption of every name and form, have found it an uncompromising enemy. It has never given a timid or uncertain sound upon these questions. If any men ever sought it, thinking to find a place in which to practice or to hide their sins, they soon found out their mistake, and were converted or went out from us because they were not of us.

To the moral and Christian standing of this parish in the community, let me introduce the testimony of that true hearted and clear sighted man and clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Burroughs. Two or three times after giving up the Rectorship of St. John's Church, he occupied this pulpit. On the first of those occasions, it was what we ministers call, "a labor of love," to me, and I sat in the pulpit with him. He began his sermon by paying an eloquent and glowing tribute to this church and people. We wish we could reproduce his thought in his own chaste and fervid rhetoric, but can only give it in plainer and colder language, preserving, however, its exact meaning. Said he:

"I have lived for nearly half a century, with this church before my door, and just beneath my eyes. I have known all its ministers since the elder Ballou. With many of them I have lived on terms of intimate and familiar friendship. I have been acquainted with many of the men and families composing the congregation. I have noted your ways and dealings as men and citizens. I have observed your going out, and your coming in as Christian worshippers; and I want to say, standing in this presence, as I have said many times in other plaees, that whatever opinions we may hold respecting the doctrines that have been promul-

gated from this pulpit for more than half a century, this church has demonstrated the fact, that Universalism is capable of developing the highest type of moral and Christian character."

If this testimony of Dr. Burroughs needed confirmation, we might point to our long calender of saintly names. We might go back and speak of Melcher, who wrought character by love, and patience, and fidelity, as he wrought iron at his forge. We might rehearse the virtues of Parry, whose saintly life so touched the heart of Richards, as to call forth a touching poetical "In Memoriam" for each day of the year. We might tell you of Taft, the popular and faithful teacher, who is gratefully remembered by many until this day. We might instance Blaisdell, and Libby, and Walden, and Simes, each distinguished in his time for probity and virtue. We might recall the modest and faithful Grant, who was better than a colleague to his pastor, ready at all times to visit the sick, or preach, or pray, or render any needful service to his minister or the cause of his Master. We might come down to our own time and speak of Robert Gray, who was as prompt and true in every walk of life, as the chronometer by which he regulated our uncertain time; and Henry S. Rand, of benignant face and kindly nature, who could learn

more of God, in a morning stroll among the trees and flowers, than some men ever know; and faithful John Smith, whose house was a kind of ministers' home, and whose hospitality once shared could never be forgotten; and genial Samuel Gookin, whose smile was a benediction, and whose face was always lit with a smile; and Capt. Hussey, the devout mariner, who felt when tossing on the great deep as if he rested literally in the bosom of God, who heard God's voice in the storm, who saw His watchful love in the stars, who studied his Bible as he studied his chart and compass, and, without a single ship-wreck, navigated the great sea of life; and Dr. Hutchings, whose hand was always open to the calls of religion or charity while he lived, and who left the bulk of his fortune to befriend the children and the poor when he passed away; and honest John Laighton; and Timothy G. Senter, the model teacher, the almost faultless man, the right hand of the minister, who has been so many times your voice from this desk, when he could serve the pastor or the cause of Christ by standing here; and quaint, wise, kindly "Uncle Tobey," who with a stroke of his pen would illumine dark themes and confound vain philosophies, and who blended the clear vision of a Franklin with the modesty of a child; and Deacon Bennett, of

whom a resident pastor of another church, who knew him well, said, "John Bennett is the straightest, purest and most perfect man I ever saw;" and Samuel S. Dodge; and Charles Eben Lord; and Alphonzo Rand; and J. O. Varrel, and many more whose faces live in memory, and whose memory is a benediction.

We might point to Father Lord, here this morning through the driving storm, his locks as white as the snow, who is, and has been regular in his attendance as the ringing of the bell, though (owing to deafness) he has scarcely heard a consecutive sentence from the pulpit for twenty years; to William Simes, and William A. Vaughan, who were born into this church and never worshipped at any other altar; to Akerman, and Hartshorn, Ayers, Hodgdon, and many more who have grown gray in the service; to our young men who are rising up to fill the places of the fathers.

We might go on and tell of our saintly women, dear "Aunt Betsy Rice," who married the church in her youth and would have no other husband; and "Aunt Lucy Norwood," on whose face was written, "I have overcome the world;" and Mrs. Peterson, who speaketh yet through her faithful sons; and Mother Peirce, who in her blindness could see her Saviour; and Mrs. Badger, so full of joy as almost to

seem frivolous, and yet with depths of sweetness and tenderness and charity concealed behind a laughing face; and Mother Simes, who wrought mightily for the church in its infancy and rejoiced in the strength of its maturer years; and Mrs. Simes, and Mrs. Mendum, so serene in life and death; and Mary Wendell, who went away, but loved this altar still; and scores of other spirits, young and old. They loved this church, they loved its worship; they gathered here the best inspiration of their lives; they walked with God and blessed the world while they remained; they have fulfilled the conditions and entered into the promised inheritance. "Be thou faithful until death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

This parish has illustrated also that grace which is "greatest of the three," charity. Among the earliest pages of its record, we find a generous contribution "to ransom our brethren who are in slavery in Algiers." And all the way along, its hand has been extended to churches, and to cities that had been visited by fire or pestilence. Providence and Pittsburg, Marblehead and Iowa City, Portland and Chicago, and many more, have received its benefactions. It has given of its substance to endow schools and colleges; to help young men to an education; to

promote the cause of liberty and religion; and it has remembered the poor "whom ye have always with you."

We want to pay a tribute in passing to the faithful workers in the Sunday School. When the Books shall be opened, and the secrets of life and influence shall be revealed, it will appear that these men and women have been among God's most efficient workers in the world.

To Brother J. M. Carr, who for more than twenty consecutive years has been at the head of the School as Superintendent, and who during the eleven years of my ministry was absent but from a single session, this parish owes an unspeakable debt of gratitude. Equally worthy of kindly remembrance, are the teachers who have stood by his side, in the day of encouragement and of despondency, coming to their unrequited work in storm and sunshine, and leading their young charge in the paths of light and salvation. Would that we might call their familiar names, as we see them plainly written on the scroll of memory. They shall each have a crown with many stars in heaven.

And the saintly deacons, Bennett and Jarvis, Brown, Senter and Hutchings, Laighton and Carr—worthy every one to bear the vessels of the Lord.

How many times, looking into their faces, have we said surely this faith of ours *does* "develope the noblest type of christian character."

We think too of the sweet singers who led in our devotions in the happy days gone by. We would bring our little tribute and lay it at their feet. Especially would we make honorable mention of Deacon Jarvis. For more than thirty years, without money or price, this good man stood in his place, really *praising God* in the song, and helping the whole congregation to "sing and make melody in their hearts to the Lord." And one who entered the choir years ago, when she was a young girl, and we were all younger than we are now more than half a score of years, still sings the songs of Zion, in this dear sanctuary. May we all sing together at last with all the sanctified.

Your Parish Clerks are entitled to recognition in this review of your history. This is is one of the most difficult offices connected with the secular management of a church. To fill it acceptably requires care, taste, labor. One must be able to take a thought, in however crude a form it may be presented, and, on the instant, clothe it in appropriate language, without destroying its identity, or changing its meaning in the least degree. To Sewall and

Drown, Abner Greenleaf, Robert Gray, W. J. Laighton and Alpha Senter, you are indebted for a record, nearly every page of which is a credit to the parish.

Of those who have remembered the saying of Holy Writ, "It is better to be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness," and have carried the keys and watched over the comfort of this your sabbath home, I find two names whose faithful service covers a period of sixty years. William Illsley was your sexton, until the infirmities of age, admonished him to lay aside a care and responsibility which he had borne from early manhood. The present encumbent, Josiah F. Adams, dates his term of office, from the time of Mr. Illsley's resignation. Few churches can show a record of more prolonged and conscientious service; and their names will stand inseparably linked with reverent worship, in this comfortable and pleasant house of prayer.

We would like to write a volume in honor of your poets. What would please us better still would be to collect a volume of their poems. We could compile such a volume, that would be worthy to appear in turkey and gold. How many poets have received their inspiration at this altar,—have been connected with this parish during its hundred years of history!

Let us mention some of their names. We have already spoken of Sewall, that sweet singer, who was among the first in this city to hail our blessed faith as a revelation out of heaven. And Tappan was a frequent attendant at this church, and caught from our faith the inspiration which appears in the beautiful hymn,

"There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found alone in heaven."

And Benjamin P. Shillaber, the genial poet, received his spiritual training at this altar. Albert Laighton, your city's poet of to-day, whose name is a household word all through the land, and whose poems are copied and read in both hemispheres, sat under the droppings of this sanctuary, and drank in its love and trust, in the years when bent was given to his mind and heart. Mary Miller, Benjamin Laighton, Louisa Simes, Thomas P. Moses, Martha Remick, and many more whose names appear in literature, have regarded this church as their Sabbath home. And then, there are the modest singers, whose names do not appear even among the poets of Portsmouth—the authors of the hymns we sing to-day, and Mrs. Pray, who has given little to the public, but has poems in her drawer that would adorn liter-

ature, and others, shall they not be among the number when you count up your jewels?

But we have not spoken yet, of the ministers whom you have raised up, and sent out to do valiant service in the world. Where is the parish that can show an equally honored roll? Hanscom, the eloquent, the fervent, the gifted, almost inspired young man, who did the work of a life-time in a few years and went to his reward; Starr King, philosopher, saint, scholar, patriot, all blended in one—a kingly soul,—one of the brightest lights of any age; Brooks, the strong man, who stands among his fellows like an oak among ferns and willows; Goodrich, the patient, persistent, clear-sighted thinker and scholar; Adams, the warm-hearted, faithful, God-revering and man-loving preacher, poet and pastor; Folsom, the Professor, whom his pupils loved so well; Fernald, the man of spiritual insight, who, with a little more persistency of purpose, would have stood in the first ranks of men; and Frank Eaton, under whose faithful ministry the waste places of Zion are becoming fruitful gardens, and Fitzgerald, with his keen incisive intellect, all, hail this church as their spiritual mother. The church that can look upon such a family of sons, may well rejoice. They are carrying your influence in continually widening circles, and it

shall flow on and on for good till time shall be no more.

We have rehearsed as faithfully as the inadequate time for preparation would allow, the history of a hundred years. There are a few things on its records that we would gladly change. The *Church* has been too much neglected; and fourteen pastors are too many in a hundred years. But in the main it is a history of which you need not feel ashamed.

The past is behind you with its successes and failures. Con its lessons well and make them a means of grace and power. The present is here with its grand possibilities. Improve them all according to the Divine intention. The future is before you with its possibilities and mysteries. Look forward and not backward, and so meet the unfolding mysteries, that your memory may be sacred, that your influence may be sweet, and your names may receive grateful recognition at the next Centennial Jubilee.

ORIGINAL HYMN.

MRS. JANE L. PATTERSON.

Our fathers saw the glory
The shepherds saw of old,
And heard the wondrous story
The herald angels told.
This altar fire they lighted,
Of faith a guiding star.
That other souls benighted
Might see it from afar.

What hosts these aisles are pressing
The vanished years along,
To share the heavenly blessing
And join the triumph song!
God's love in richest measure
Has led us all the way,
And his eternal pleasure
Made fair our history.

With angel voices blending,
Our grateful songs we raise.
For benefits transcending,
The dreams of other days.
Oh, Father, on the altar
Of hearts alive in Thee,
May faith's fire never falter
Till all, thy glory see.

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

SOCIAL GATHERING.

Members of the Parish and their friends, to the number of several hundred, met in the Vestry, on Monday evening, and sat down together to a bountiful supper.

HON. WILLIAM SIMES, PRESIDENT.

HYMN.

CHOIR AND CONGREGATION.

PRAYER.

REV. W. H. ALDEN, OF BAPTIST CHURCH.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

HON. WILLIAM SIMES.

Brethren and Sisters and Friends of this Parish:

It is exceedingly gratifying to me to be with you on this occasion. I was born into this church, and cradled in its arms. I have been associated with it, have known its history, and been interested in its welfare, for more than fifty years. In listening to the Historical Address, I have lived those years all over again, and a thousand sacred memories have been awakened in my soul. Not only am I glad to be here, but it gives me great pleasure to have with us several pastors of the other churches of the city. I regret that Mayor Marvin, one of our Wardens, is not here to take part with us, and enjoy the festivities of this occasion, he being absent on business at Washington.

The Ladies have spread a bountiful table, and in behalf of the parish, I give you all a hearty welcome to the same.

Will Rev. Mr. Alden invoke the Divine blessing.

ADDRESS

BY REV. G. L. DEMOREST.

Rev. G. L. Demorest, of Manchester, N. H., being called upon, said, in substance:

"I am glad to be with you this evening, to rejoice with you in the event you commemorate. It is a pleasure to mark that event in this social way. and when we have ventilated our differences with all due earnestness from our several pulpits, we find a composing influence, in a glass of tea, a slice of turkey (especially the turkey), a slice of cake, and a piece of pie. That is a platform upon which we may all stand, and here, at least, we may discover our substantial unity.

We are very naturally carried, by the occasion, to thoughts of the man John Murray, as well as to his work. And a characteristic anecdote came to my

notice, last week, while in your city on a very interesting duty. Taking up the "Rambles about Portsmouth," I observed in the Table of Contents, an allusion to "the Rev. John Murray." I was naturally led to the appropriate page of the volume to see what the compiler of the volume had to say of that person. At the visit we are now commemorating, Mr. Murray was the guest of one Clarkson, who, according to Mr. Brewster, had married for a second wife, a "*woman of spirit.*" When the husband desired to secure for any guest freedom from the stormier quality of his wife's temper, he accomplished it in a commercial way, by specific compensation. So having invited Mr. M., the husband said to the wife, "Mrs. Clarkson, what shall I give you that you may make a good dinner and pleasant time for Mr. Murray?" The answer came, "such a collar, and such other things." The treaty was duly ratified; and as a result, Mrs. C. prepared a sumptuous repast, and held her temper throughout the meal. But when dinner was over, probably deeming her contract fulfilled, she let out the vials of her wrath upon the guest, abusing him verbally without stint. The terms of her vituperation have not been handed down; but Mr. Murray's reply has come to us through the century. When the lady had ended her

tirade, the guest mildly answered, "Madam, it is not you that are angry with me, but the devil in you." Mr. Murray was noted for his charitable feeling. He found excuse for the enmities of his fellow-men ; but I trust that when angry himself,—he was a man,—he accepted the blame for himself, and did not try to shift it on "the devil in him."

This and kindred parishes honor Mr. Murray to-day, not by specific agreement with all his opinions. We go beyond "the fathers" to the same source whence they drew their inspiration, and accept what thus seems to us true, whether "the fathers" so believed or not. But we honor Mr. Murray for the cardinal tenet of his faith,—the impartial, universal, unchangeable love of God. That is dear to us all, as it was to him. And we honor him, too, for his courageous fight for the principles of religious liberty. Not only we, but all christian churches, certainly those which dissented from established forms, have profited by his efforts. We are freer, to-day, because of his brave work.

The mellowing influence of his cardinal sentiment is felt throughout American society to-day. Questions arise which were not possible a hundred years ago. A little child returned from the woods, her face covered with mosquito bites. "Why didn't

you drive them away?" said her mother. "They wouldn't go," said the child. "Why didn't you kill them?" "That wouldn't be right?" "Not right! I have seen you kill them at home," urged the surprised mother. "Yes, mamma," argued the child, firmly, "that is another thing. If they come into my house and bite me, I kill them. But if I go into the woods, that is their house, and I have no right to kill them." No child a hundred years ago would have made such an argument. But now we consider the rights of mosquitos, of animals, of negroes, of women specifically, as of humanity generically; and the most difficult of them will finally be settled in the spirit of justice and of christian benevolence.

ADDRESS

BY REV. CARLOS MARTYN,—NORTH CHURCH.

I heartily congratulate you, my friends, upon the centennial you have met to celebrate to-night, through these social festivities. Nor can I regret the storm of yesterday, which somewhat interfered with your more formal Sunday exercises. Because the wind and sleet but type in the physical sphere, that moral storm which scowled upon John Murray when he walked these streets a hundred years ago. The day, therefore, was in cordial sympathy with the event commemorated. Besides, storms are healthy. Here in New England, they are the rugged nurses of our manhood and womanhood. Wheat freezes on our hills and in our valleys, but men and women grow. Let us thank God, then, for our wintry storms, whether physical or moral.

And I am glad to meet so many representatives of the various denominational interests of our city here to-night. In England, you know, most of the land is held by great proprietors; and yet there are not lacking what are called *commons*,—plats of ground which are open to all. Now, the soil of Christianity is parcelled out amongst the great denominational proprietors; but a *common ground* is not lacking whereupon we may all set our feet and clasp hands in brotherhood and sisterhood. I believe in denominationalism, provided it be kept within the limits of charity. I believe in a generous rivalry,—in the rivalry of faith and good works. Moreover, it seems to me that each denomination sets forth in a distinctive way some feature of the spherical truth. No one has it all, but each types some more or less essential phase of it. And it is only by correlating and dove-tailing these representative denominations, that we can get the rounded truth,—the whole truth. Truth is as a wheel, of which the respective denominations are the spokes. One spoke does not make a wheel, it takes all. But the trouble is that the various spokes are apt to forget their mutual dependence, and to set up each one as being the entire wheel.

John Murray stood for the *love* element in religion. This was not a new idea with him. You shall find it

in every system of theology. But he gave it a new prominence and a special setting forth. When two or three ministers try to read the same hymn, one will emphasize one word, the second another word, and the third a third word, in the self-same line. So when the denominations read the majestic hymn of the divine character, one emphasizes *Sovereignty*, another emphasizes *Justice*. But your founder said: "No, the emphasis should fall on *Love*. That is the rudder-attribute, the essential element in the nature of God." I suppose that he did not mean to say that God is not a sovereign. I take it that he did not intend to deny the divine justice. Probably his thought was that these qualities are subsidiary and incidental, and that the main thing is love. In the grammar of the Deity love is the verb, and sovereignty and justice and all the other attributes are but the moods and tenses of the verb to love. When you would define God centrally and in his essence, you must define him as that disciple did who learned his theology leaning upon the breast of Jesus, and we must say with St. John, "God is love."

A hundred years ago, this truth was oftener forgotten than it is to-day. Catholicism, for instance, pushed Christ off and out of human sympathy, out of human reach, out of human sight. You might get at

that all embracing heart only through a host of intermediaries. It set all the saints in the calendar running like so many errand boys between our needs and that all-supplying hand. According to the teachings of Rome, Christ was like an old Elizabethan mansion, full of quaint turns and tortuous passages. If you would get any whither you must take a guide,—take the Pope.

Calvinism took a different, but, in some respects, an equally erroneous view. It conceived of God as above all else a sovereign. It over-emphasized the attribute of justice, making that central which was collateral. Michael and his angels were painted on the canvas of this system as grouped about the great white throne in martial attitude, rank behind rank, with swords of fire drawn and flashing, awaiting but the nod of Omnipotence to dash with deadly force upon the transgressor.

But to-day we all of us agree in saying as against Catholicism: God as he is in Christ lies open and accessible, like our Atlantic coast, full of harbors which invite to safe anchorage whatever vessel, cargoed with immortality, will put up the helm and steer towards the welcoming port, out of the foamy sea of life.

And so too, to-day, we all of us agree in saying as against ultra Calvinism: God as he is in Christ is

above everything a *Father*. True, he is a sovereign; but he rules in love, by love, for love. True, he is just; but he is just precisely because he is Love. As we who are parents establish rules and regulations for the better ordering of the household,—not arbitrarily, but for the best interests of those who are dear to us, governing and punishing in tenderness and not despotically; so our Heavenly Father, in framing and executing his statutes, does so not vindictively, but mercifully, and with the purpose to secure us, in our ignorance and in his wisdom, against those evils which must result from our non-conformity to his wise will and loving way.

Now, it seems to me that your John Murray carried his truth to an extreme. But perhaps in his day it was necessary to give it an extreme presentation, in order that it might in a later day fall into place in the line of systematic truth.

Be this as it may, however. I am persuaded, my friends, that we now understand that the key-note of the hallelujah music, to which the centuries keep step is, *The Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of man.*

SONG.

ADDRESS

BY REV. W. H. ALDEN, D. D.—BAPTIST CHURCH.

Mr. President: I respond to your call, not to defend *Calvinism* or any other *ism*. I care not what name the Church bears, whether Baptist, Congregationalist, Unitarian or Universalist, if it have for its object the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. I most cheerfully, joyfully and cordially hail it, as a co-worker in the great enterprise of evangelizing the world, and in hastening the dawn of that day when,

> "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Does his successive journeys run:"

Still it is not without some serious misgivings that I venture to appear before you. I am well aware that those who have preceded me have brought reflection to their task. But this is one of those occasions on which personal feeling should yield to a higher sense

of duty; when every one who professes an interest in the prosperity of "the Church our blest Redeemer saved with his own precious blood," should hold himself in readiness to contribute his portion whenever called upon, even though it should prove little else than the "widow's mite."

Laying aside then, the cares of business and the anxieties of professional life, and those rivalries and contentions, which embitter so much of the brief period of our fleeting lives, it is good for *you*, it is good for *us*, on this one hundredth anniversary, to come up to this cherished spot, with sentiments of love and gratitude, to renew the recollection of those early days and struggles of our fathers, to cultivate that sympathy for each other, which will lead us in the bond of brotherhood, and encourage us in the pursuit of "whatsoever things are lovely and of good report." Standing then, on this consecrated ground,—ground full of profound interest and hallowed associations, I must yield to its influence, though I may fail to catch, or to impart its true inspiration.

Brethren and friends. It is a delightful privilege for me to unite with you, on this jubilee occasion, in paying to your fathers the homage of filial gratitude, and in our fraternal communion, to bring back to the

heart something of the freshness and warmth of early affection. Leaving behind us, the cares, the vanities and the pride of life, and laying aside all denominational differences of faith, we meet here to-night as brethren, children of one common Father, rejoicing together in grateful remembrance of the good we have endeavored to accomplish, and in the animating hope, that we shall never fail to diffuse the light of truth, and virtue and religion. It is thus good for us, and for the cause of our Master, that we should come up to this church festival, not only for the soul-swelling gratification it affords, but for a still nobler purpose—to awaken a sense of our obligations, and to rekindle at this altar, the fire of devotion to her cause.

And now, on this peculiarly interesting occasion, permit me to rejoice with you in all that is auspicious in your circumstances and your prospects. May this golden candle-stick soon be lighted up again, and you have a pastor in whom you shall be most happily united. The Great Head of the church has never failed to provide a succession of faithful men, to go in and out before his people, to break to them the bread of life and feed them with knowledge and understanding. He it is, who, when he sees fit to remove one pastor from his sphere of labors, sends

another to supply his place, and will continue that succession until under shepherds are no longer needed.

> "So shall the bright succession run,
> Through the last courses of the sun;
> While unborn churches by their care,
> Shall rise and flourish, large and fair."

May your future be more glorious than the past; may you love the church, and rejoice in her prosperity; and in the last great day, when you stand before God, may you and your pastors be numbered with the saints in glory everlasting.

ADDRESS

BY REV. JOHN A. GOSS,—CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Mr. President and Friends: It gives me great pleasure to be present with you on this interesting occasion. I have listened with deep interest to the remarks that have been made; especially to those that have refered to christian union. I have attended union meetings, and on one occasion I remember listening to some remarks of a clergyman upon the question, "How shall the unity of Christ's followers be better manifested to the world." At the close of his remarks, a minister arose and said: I have been trying to ascertain to what denomination of christians our brother belongs. At first I thought he was a Methodist, and as he proceeded I thought he was a Baptist, and then he said something that led me to think that he might be a Universalist, and before he

closed, I said to myself, he is a Congregationalist, and now he has taken his seat, and I do not know what he is, but believe he is a Christian." So as we have listened this evening to these ministers of different denominations, I have concluded that we are all one in Christ. One thing is certain, we are all striving for one and the same haven of eternal rest and glory.

I once exchanged with a Universalist brother, and on meeting a sister of my church in the evening, she said to me, "I was much interested in the sermon of the Methodist minister this afternoon, and wanted to say *amen*, to what he said;" but said I, he is a Universalist clergyman; "Was he," she replied? "Well, it don't make any difference to me, I only wish I had said amen."

In these expressions of love and christian union, I rejoice, and again thanking you for the privilege of joining in the festivities of this hour, I take my seat.

HYMN,—CONGREGATIONAL.

ADDRESS

REV. JAMES DeNORMANDIE,— UNITARIAN CHURCH.

My Friends: I was pleased with the thought of taking a social cup of tea with you, but have made no preparations for a speech. Clergymen however, I know, are always expected to be ready, and so there is one story I always tell at such times, but I have told it so often I shall not repeat it to you to-night. I think I ought to feel at home among you, and well acquainted with you all, because, while calling at one of my parishioners this afternoon, and speaking of your centennial services, I had this book handed me to examine, and which some of you will be pleased to see. A little manuscript volume of "sympathetic and elegiacal stanzas," written by one of your excellent pastors—and among your earliest—in memory of a dear friend and parishioner of his. It is to be noted

too, as this is your centennial, that there are just an hundred of these verses. And then when I returned to my own home, a little while ago, I found there, now a relative of mine, the grandson of another of your estimable clergymen—so I have good reason to count myself among *you*. And yet there are other reasons still. I cannot look over your faces now, become so familiar by my ministry already long in this city, where we are all so near together, without being reminded of the various occasions, during the intervals of your pastorates, I have been called to your homes for the glad hope of the marriage ceremony, or amidst the tears of your sorrows, so that I feel as if I were half pastor to you all; and glad as I am to be with you at any such times, I shall be more glad when you secure a good minister for your services, and for my companionship. I am particularly reminded to-night by the countenance and voice of my brother Patterson, of the time I began my ministry here, and he was your devoted pastor. He in the fulness of his great heart received me, then so young to take the charge of so large a parish, as a brother, and gave me all the welcome, and sympathy, fellowship, and encouragement which flow so perennially from his kind and unselfish nature. I wish he were

your pastor, I wish he were one of us still—but that cannot be.

I have been looking up a little of late, this matter of church history, which is so interesting in our old town, and especially in my parish. There are some advantages in having a history. I believe Holmes says something like this, "all things being equal give me the man who has a long line of family portraits on his walls,—but as all things are not often equal, give me the *best* man." If an old parish keep up a vital interest in the never failing revelations of truth, and meets with an earnest courage, and noble force all the questions of to-day, I like the old parish, but if not I prefer the new. Let us never be given to talking so much of what we *were* as of proving our right *to be* in the present. It is not so much what a parish *was* but what it *is*—rather both what it *was* and *is*. I heartily rejoice that after the lapse of an hundred years, you show such signs of a vigorous life, and I most devoutly wish that when another century is finished, and crowned with its good works, and faithful lives, you may be manifoldly more prosperous in every respect.

BENEDICTION.

DECORATIONS.

The decorations were elegant and in accord with the spirit and memories of the occasion. From Nature's store of floral and verdure offerings, skilled hands had wrought "a sylvan scene of stateliest view;" indeed, the architecturally fine old church fairly smiled in flowers, smilax, autumn leaves and vines, which were arranged in profusion about the altar and the spacious dias upon which it stood.

Over the pulpit, in the rear, was placed the name of John Murray in luminous German text letters, so gracefully cut and arranged, that to the admiring beholder they appeared as if floating there,—the effect being much enhanced by the shadings of the dome-like arches. Underneath this, in semi-circular form, were the years "1773," "1873," formed in green and white. Between the name and the dates an elegant and massive Latin cross, formed entirely of rare exotics, was placed so as to have the appearance of being pendant from the outer arch. These decorations alone were elaborate in detail, and made so effective in their arrangement, that one must have been almost instinctively reminded of the "power of beauty" so charmingly described by Emerson.

At the right of the altar and supported as it were by the frescoed pillars, rested a large tablet, bearing in order the names of the first ministers of the church: Parker, Richards, Hosea Ballou, Streeter, Turner, King, Moses Ballou, Montgomery. On the opposite side and in similar position, another tablet bore the

remaining names: Fletcher, Dillingham, Willis, Patterson, Ambler, Bicknell, Van Cise. These medallions were gracefully and solidly proportioned, their surface of a dark green polish, the lettering thereon in block letters of white, the contrast in color being charming. Each of these memorials were massively bordered or framed in autumn leaves, the brilliant berries of the Celatraccœ or Wax Work, immortelles, rose-buds, geraniums, evergreens and vines, the leaves of the silver poplar being profusely scattered about,—typical may be of the departed years.

On the front of the elegant pulpit was placed an engraved portrait, in a frame of gold, of the revered Father Murray, as he appeared fifty years ago, which was entwined with smilax and tube-roses. The pulpit itself was verdure clad, and appeared like a "mound of beauty smiling in Nature's best gifts," for skilful fingers had converted this into a picture of fairy-like work, by a profusion of smilax, flowers, and other choice and delicate material. The urns on each side of the chancel were elaborately arranged with growing plants and vines, the graceful sprays of smilax, the heavier branches of the passion flower, and the deep green of the ivies falling bewitchingly over their sides to the ground and then carried back to the starting point, only to renew their wanderings. The gas brackets on the frescoed pillars were ornamented with large wreaths beautifully wrought in green and flowers, the same also pendant from the fixtures on the outer or chancel entrance, with the addition of verdure baskets filled with vines, the brilliant red berries peeping out here and there, together with the light strings of green twined so prettily around the chains, that the picture was the more charming because of its striking simplicity.

Altogether the interior of our always beautiful church was made more attractive than ever in its adornments, and to the select few,—Messrs. Samuel Dodge, Lyman P. Broughton and George W. Hall being the most active in the good work—who aided in bringing about such a pleasing transformation, too much credit cannot be given.

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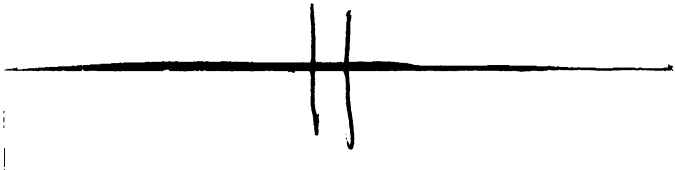

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